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Work for the Month of October

In the Fall Months the Work on the Farm Brings Profitable Results.

(The Southern Planter.)

The fall months of the year, commencing with October, are months when Southern farmers can do very much work that will be found productive of excellent and profitable results. Unlike their Northern friends, they have, in the months of October, November, and very often in December, a period of fine, mild weather, when it is a pleasure both for men and teams to work in the land. To neglect the opportunity of doing so is to waste and throw away one of the greatest advantages we possess. Experience has demonstrated that land broken in the fall derives advantages over that broken at any other season of the year which are of incalculable value. Especially is this so where land is plowed deeply and the bottom of the furrow broken with a subsoil plow. One of the greatest difficulties Southern farmers have to contend with is the absence of sufficient moisture in the land to keep the crops growing during periods of drought in late summer, like that through which we have just passed. Whilst never, or rarely, subject to the long periods of drought which so freuenqtly affect the lands of the Middle and Western States, we are yet frequently subjected to a few weeks of hot, dry weather in the late summer which, unless provided against, largely tend to reduce the yield of our crops. The fall months of the year are the time when provision can be made to meet this condition of things. In the spring and early summer months we have usually an abundance of rain to meet the needs of all crops throughout the whole growing period. If the land is plowed and subsoiled in the fall and early winter months, this rainfall can be conserved and made to yield itself up for the support of vegetation when most needed. If, however, the opportunity afforded by the fall is missed, a large part of the rainfall is wasted and passes off into the nearest stream, and the crops suffer during the summer. Then, again, the proper utilization of the fall months will enable much more and better work to be done in the spring. Very frequently, after the land becomes dry enough to work in spring, the time left within which to plant crops with the greatest probability of successful growth is very short, and work has to be rushed from morning to night, with much of it, as a consequence, only partially and very ineffectively done. For these and other reasons, which we propose to consider and discuss during the fall months, we strongly urge a careful utilization of the opportunities of the fall.

During this month, the work of completing the harvesting of the crops should first receive attention. In our last issue we discussed the question of the harvesting of the corn crop, and to that aricle we refer our readers. Let every effort be made to save not only the corn, but the stalks as well; not merely the blade fodder, but the whole stalks with the blades upon them. In these are to be found one-half of the feeding value of the corn crop, and no farmer can afford to waste one-half his crop. If you do not have facilities for shredding the fodder as it is brought from the fields, at least take care that it is carefully stacked up near the barn, so as to be convenient for feeding. In making these stacks, raise them from the ground by putting under them a framework of poles, so as to permit of a current of air passing up through the stack. Let the stalks over lap from each side in the centre of the stalks, so as to keep it full and somewhat higher than the outsides, and top up with straw or hay drawn to a point, so as to shed the rain.

Later or second crops of grass and clover, and crops of millet, soja beans and cow peas, should be cut and saved as soon as possible. These may be made into most excellent feed if care is taken. Let them partially cure whilst lying broadcast, and then put up in small cocks or lumps and there stand until ready to house. Just before housing, open these out and let them have a few hours sun and wind, and then pack away closely in the barn or stack.

Tobacco should be cut and got under cover before danger of frost. The hot weather we have had recently has matured the crop very fast, and there ought not to be any frost-bitten tobacco this year.

Cotton should picked as fast as it matures.

The dryness and heat of the weather in Augut and September has no doubt caused much delay in preparing the land for the wheat and winter oat crops and for the seeding of grass, clover and vetches. Now that rain has come, every effort should be made to make up for lost time. Do not, however, in the haste to sow, sacrifice the conditions necessary to success. A firm subsoil and a finely-broken surface to the depth of at least three inches are factors that cannot be disregarded with impunity, especially in the case of the wheat crop. The use of the roller will be found to be most valuable now in securing these conditions quickly. If using a commercial fertilizer, it will be found an advantage now to use one with a higher percentage of ammonia than would have been advisable earlier in the season, in order to help the crop to start and make a good growth before the winter sets in. Let the seed be well cleaned and free from light and shrivelled grains, and, in the case of wheat, either dip in hot water for fifteen minutes, having the water at a temperature of 130 degrees, or use a pickle of bluestone to destroy the smut spores. Dry with air-slacked lime so that the seed will drill frely.

German clover, late white trifolium, sand vetch, kidney vetch, winter vetch, and grass and red clover seeds should be sown as quickly as possible, as the season is now late for putting in these crops. With gentle rains, the seeds will germinate quickly, as the ground is very warm; and, with open weather for a month or six weeks, they may be expected to make a growth strong enough to withstand winter killing. We would advise a heavier seeding than earlier in the season, so that the plants may afford protection to each other and be better able to keep out the frost.

Mangold wurtzel and sugar beets should be harvested before frost touches them. They are very susceptible to frost and never keep well when they have been frosted. Be careful not to damage the roots when pulling them, and in cutting or pulling off the tops, do not cut into or tear the skin on the roots. These roots keep best stored in pies or kilns and covered with straw and soil, so as to maintain an equable temperature.

Complete the work of harvesting all the summer grown crops, and after careful sorting out of all defective specimens which should be used first, store away for winter use or for marketing through the winter.

The apple crop should be carefully gathered, as it is in good demand at high prices. Pippins are selling as high as $3.00 per barrel, and wine saps and other red apples at from $2.00 to $2.25 per barrel on the trees. We are satisfied that good prices will be obtained for this crop all winter, as the crop in the North and in England and on the Continent of Europe is practically a failure. Those who have good places in which to store apples will, in our opinion, find profit in not selling all their crop now. We are glad to know that our advice given two months ago has been largely acted upon, and that many of our readers have by holding back got much more money for apples already sold. We have reports of the crop from small orchards being sold at from $2,000 to $5,000 on the trees. In preparing the crop for shipping, let the fruit be carefully sorted, and a good, even quality be packed. It never pays in the long run to face a barrel with fine fruit and then fill it in with smaller inferior apples. Get a reputation for selling a good article and then keep it.

Kale and winter spinach should be sown, and cabbages be planted out. In planting out winter cabbages, it is well to throw a light furrow on the line of the intended row and then to set out the plants on the south side of this furrow, so as to be shielded by it from the North and Northwest winds. This will save many plants and hasten the growth of all. Make the soil rich with manure and fertilizer, rich in potash. It is not, however, wise to apply nitrogen fertilizers now, but give the crop a dressing of nitrate of soda at the rate of 150 or 200 pounds to the acre as soon as the plants commence fairly to grow in the spring.

Lettuce plants should be raised in quantity to be set out and pushed on in cold frames for the winter and early spring markets.

The celery crop should receive constant attention, and be earthed up or enclosed with boards to blanch it as it grows. Be careful to keep the earth out of the hearts of the plants when earthing it up.

Clean up and burn all trash and leaves, and thus destroy all insects, larva, and spores of fungoid diseases.

Ruta bagas and turnips will now make their best growth and will gain more weight between now and the 1st December than at any time. Light frosts will do them no harm. They should however, be clear of all frost when pulled for storing, or they will not keep. Store in pies or kilns and cover with straw, or in a root cellar where the frost can be excluded.

Let all barns, stables and sheds have a thorough overhauling and be made ready for the stock. After repairing all roofs, siding and doors, have them thoroughly cleaned out, and then give them a good coat of limewash, both inside and out.

Place under cover all implements not in use.

The Winston Republican publishes a letter from Thomas M. Dixon, of Tyro, Davidson county, who says: "I have found a rich vein of gold upon my land which all mining men are privileged to investigate. There is no bond on the property. The vein is three feet wide and is of a brown cast and the ore rich. I have panned some of it and the yield is gratifyingly good. The old shaft is said to be good, but the new vein is far better. Any one wishing to learn further particulars will receive any information that I can give them cheerfully."

The American Eagle Must Go.

Benjamin Franklin Was Opposed to His Adoption as The National Emblem.

After several months in the country, a run into town shows that the best type of American girl is fitting in her latest summer frock, which is apt to be a silk one with a cloth bodice or jacket over it. Her skirt is almost glove-like in its fit, a tiny gore here and another there making it smooth over the curves of her hips, although in the back and around the edge there is sufficient fullness to allow mademoiselle to take the long steps which she is just now affecting, because they are suggestive of a summer spent in the open air. For all that her skirt is so tight at the top that it causes the clubmen to wonder how she ever gets into it. It must be said that neither a shoe horn nor a glove-buttoner is used for this purpose.

Her bodice is the new blouse jacket, which looks as if it were cut out of one piece, because of its fullness, and yet which is fitted in so mysterious a way since it makes the waist look smaller and brings out the breadth of the hips and the shoulders. That she must wear very short stays, preferably those made of straps of ribbon, such as Yvette Guilbert fancied, is known to the good dresser, and she does not mar her entire appearance by assuming the long English corset that would take away all shape from the new jacket. An American girl, better than any other, can wear this new bodice because she has the figure for it. Her English cousin is too long and too flat. Her French cousin is too short and too much inclined to be lumpy.

The American girl is seldom over medium size, extremely well shaped about the hips, achieves the line of beauty that Henner taught us must exist in the feminine back, and has a small bust. Her feet are small and well shaped, shod to perfection, and any American seeing this exponent of good form should feel like rushing up to her, telling her how he admires her and how vain he is at heart of the American girl.

The American girl is the woman of the century about whom everybody talks. She is what Rudyard Kipling calls "knowlegeable"—that is to say, she is willing to know and she doesn't need to be told anything twice. The shrill voice to which her cousins from over the sea used to object has become subdued. The wearing of expensive jewelry on the street has been given the go by this well bred girl, and the curious inquisitiveness, really a form of childishness, and a funny desire to know, has become absolutely nil, since she sits placidly and permits herself to be informed.

She doesn't eat more sweets than any other woman, and she is a hundred times more interesting to a man than either a French or an English woman. When she gets married, she loves her husband and her babies, and you seldom see in her household the violent and lasting quarrels that are by no means uncommon in English homes. She is worth a great deal more to her country than either the Declaration of Independence or the tariff bill. And if her own country doesn't appreciate her, then some other will, and she will be taken off in the night and disappear as mysteriously as do most other blessings. So it's just as well for the American men to be considerate of her, for she is well worth it, and, after all, as financiers our men are great ones for looking out for the value of things.

A picturesque figure is missing from the streets. It is the soubrette. She has gone to join her company on the road, but I regret her beautiful audacity and her happy little face. It was a saucy face, but not a wicked one. The soubrette doesn't seem to know much, but she utilizes what knowledge she has in a decidedly fascinating way. During the summer she had on, nine times out of ten, a dark blue or black skirt that had been pressed and sponged, mended and altered, and evidently seen a great deal of service. With it she wore a shirt waist and a natty belt, and drew that belt in so that she measured just 18 inches about the waist. Her sailor hat was tilted over her face, and her hair was arranged in the latest fashion.

The wife of a millionaire may be absolutely ignorant of it, but the soubrette and the shop-girl can always arrange their locks after the latest fashion and always seem to know how to do it without being taught. But it was at the waist and the feet of the soubrette that one must look to see her charm. No matter how shabby the skirt, her shoes were as bright as possible, and her black silk stockings were in the best condition. Having an eye for good effect, she rather fancied at standing some place near the corner talking to the heavy villian of the play, and sometimes, quite unconsciously, one hand would go on her hip and one foot would come out from under her skirt as if she were going to do a bit of a dance.

She was always laughing—she laughed as she was drinking soda water because it was so cool and she laughed when she was eating clam chowder because it was so hot. She didn't seem to have a care in the world, but, dear soul, we don't know what her cares were! To us she was a girl who danced and sang in a sort of variety play, and yet, somehow, when I pass the corner and she isn't there and I remember the heavy villian, I do hope he isn't playing his part off the stage as well as on it. And I give a sign and wish that next summer's sunshine may look down on the little soubrette and find her as merry as ever, and on the heavy villian with the clearest of consciences.

Apropos of girls, I am reminded that we are to be atrociously Greek again this year and wear those low, short waisted bodies for evening. I say "atrociously" Greek because the right girl with the right figure never seems to get one of these artistic gowns. Instead, frumpy looking women, who are so thin that they are painful to look at, or women fat to beefiness, choose them, and the result is something perfectly disgusting. Funny, isn't it, that these old fools never seem to realize that while we keep the babies—the real new babies—all bundled up, the same rule ought to apply to them. But second childhood and seminudity seem to be the combine fancied.

A lady who is over 90, whose skin is like parchment, whose bones seem to crack as she walks, but who because of her great wealth is invited everywhere, persists in wearing the lowest of low bodices and natural flowers in her hair! She is one of the women who didn't understand how to grow old gracefully. With years have come an accumulation of folly, and this poor old wretch—for with all her wealth, she deserves pity—makes herself a laughing stock, is a death's head at a feast, and yet the people who know her best and care for her most do not dare to hint to her that she is dressing over 60 years too young.

I don't read Greek, but I have seen no end of pictures of Grecian ladies, and, though the costumes were as artistic as the Anthony Comstock of that day would permit, still in not a single one of them can I find a woman who looks over 30 years old. Now, what did they do with their old women? Evidently they did not permit them to dress in Greek fashion and sit on benches in artistic attitudes. What a pity some of those people who are always digging antiquities up can't get hold of a real Greek, a Greek of the time of long ago, put life into him and induce him to tell how the elderly Grecian lady dressed!

That sounds disrespectful to old age, but [illegible] to be so. There is nothing [illegible] to me as the woman who [illegible] self and who [illegible] a [illegible] doesn't [illegible] large [illegible] her bod[illegible] For the women who insist upon doing this it can only be said that, having no respect for themselves they cannot get it from other people. The fat woman looks like a [illegible] position, and the thin one looks like an umbrella frame. If you have any doubt as to the truth of what I am saying, compare one of these improperly dressed old women with an elderly Quakeress, or even think of her and then think of the dignified woman of many years who wears rich but handsome clothes suited to her years, and her position in life. Until the elderly lady dresses properly she need expect no consideration, but I do wish that she would think over how she might look if she would.

Did you ever wish? Do you remember that Swedenborg said, "Man, beware of that which thou wishest with intensity, for it will surely come unto thee?" I was at a wishing well this summer, and, remembering this, I got frightened and concluded not to wish anything very much for myself, but to do a lot of wishing for other people. Here are my wishes and here are my answers:

I wished that I might have a new pair of shoestrings. I got them.

I wished that I might have some new silk stockings. I got them.

I wished that I might have a birthday cake. I got it.

I wished that women were more loving, children more polite and men less selfish. I don't know whether that's come true or not yet.

I wished that somebody would write some good books, books that would be interesting books that would be bright, without nasty ideas for the plots. I got a few of these, but I am still sticking to Dickens, Thackeray and Kipling.

I wished that the girls might get all the pretty clothes they wanted and their fathers be willing to pay the bills. The returns from this wish have not come in yet.

I wished that men wouldn't be so snappish when you asked them why they never reached the house in time when they were to take you to the theater. This wish seemed to go to the very bottom of the well and will probably be found when truth is discovered, or else I didn't wish it with enough intensity, for I am still waiting for the answer.

Then I grew selfish and wished that I might like everybody and everybody might like me; that I could learn to turn a frisky horse without the assistance of a small boy when there were three other women in the carriage, and that I could have all the books and pictures and pretty babies and nice dogs in the world. Out of regard for the people with whom I live nothing has been heard of this wish. Curious, isn't it? BAB.

Havana, via Key West, Fla., Oct. 2.—A considerable force of insurgents, according to official advices received here, attacked the town of Guayaba, in Puerta Principe, but were compelled to retire after a fight which lasted two hours. Both the insurgents and Spanish troops lost a number of men.

For the past week Havana has been entirely without a supply of meat and today it has been impossible to obtain any milk, even for the sick and aged. The hospitals alone have meat, but even they have no milk. This condition of affairs has produced a feeling of great discontent among the people of all social classes.

Bill Arp Don't Like McKinley.

Bartow Philosopher is Not at All Pleased With the Appointment of Negro Postmasters.

When Ahasuerus got so dreadful mad with Haman he didn't do anything rash and all of a sudden, but walked out in the garden to cool off—to let his choler down. That's the way I am doing now every day, and am thankful that I've got a garden to walk in. When my good old father used to feel the rheumatic pains coming he didn't sit down and grunt and look miserable, but seized his hat and his cane in a hurry and started out to peruse the farm. In an hour or so he would return all in a sweat of prespiration and the rheumatism was postponed for a time. Walk about some and commune with nature when you feel bad. Almost every day I take on a new mad, a fresh indignation at McKinley, and if I didn't walk in the garden and peruse the roses and posies or feed the pet rabbits and the pea-fowls or pick a lot of tomatoes for dinner my choler wouldn't come down, and I would lose my appetite and my serenity. Dogon him, confound him, dad blast him! The good book says "Cursed be the deceiver," and if he hasn't deceived us no man ever did. I never voted for him and I am thankful for it, but I did have respect for him and believed his sincerity and his national patriotism, but he has falsified our faith and broken our hopes, and my personal contempt for him is amazing. I didn't know that my kind, gentle disposition could generate so much contempt for any man. We didn't know that he was a South hater per se and had smothered it in his bosom all these years only to be uncovered when he got us in his power. Some say he is a fool, some say a knave and some that he has been hypnotized by Hanna; but my conviction is that it is a deliberate party policy to open the breach between the North and the South, to set the healing wound to bleeding again. They have despaired of capturing any Southern State and now seek to raise hell between us and the negroes. Oh, my country! was there every such heartless, reckless tyranny of official power, such insulting humiliation? Let me stop a few minutes and walk in the garden. I see the beautiful flowers from the window, the cannas, with their turbaned tops, waving in the evening breeze; the zenias and dahlias and geraniums in all their variegated colors. I see the flocks of little birds picking the sunflower seed. I am looking upon the innocence of nature, and I grieve that man is the only creature that disappoints and deceives us. Let me go out among the flowers and ruminate and calm my fretted thoughts and comfort my olfactories with a sprig of lemon verbena and heliotrope. * * * Well, now I think I fell better. Let McKinley proceed with his procession. The Governor and the press will attend to him. I liked those headlines of the Governor, "McKinley's Skirts Stained With Loftin's Blood." That is a fact, and his party's skirts have been stained with a good deal of negro blood since the war—not a lynching has taken place that was not the result of their teachings. Just look at the animus that seeks to provoke a war of races in the South. The New York Press, in spitting its venom at the South, says national government should at once arm every colored office holder and prepare him for the fight and back him up in it. Which means, of course, arms for his friends and soldiers stationed near at hand and an internecine strife and at last another war between the North and South. What is all this for? What necessity? Who is Loftin or Lyons or Dent that they should put the South to such peril? The postoffices of all others belong to the people of the towns and cities. They are nearly as close akin to the color line as the schools and churches. McKinley knows this and knows the temper of our people on this subject, and he knows that it will not be peaceably permitted. It will widen the breach not only between the North an the South, but between the whites and the blacks. But all this has been said over and over again by the press and Senators and Representatives all over the South, and it has been felt by millions who think much and say little. I wonder if Hanna, McKinley and Company, think they can by force reform and regulate the sentiment of a great and mighty people—a people who want peace, but are not afraid of war when they are trampled on or insulted. But I must talk out or change the subject. I believe I will go and see some of the little grandchildren and play horse for them. I like that. I had rather nurse and pet the little chaps than to hate McKinley. It pays better. But the greatest trouble I have now is in trying to keep my respect for some of my friends who still stand up for him. I don't see how any Southern man, except an office seeker, can stay in his party. The average office seeker is a politician, and Shakespeare says "a politician would circumvent God."

But here I have got back to the same contemptible subject. Plague the niggers. I wish that Bishop Turner would hurry up his transportation. This everlasting fuss has been going one thirty-four years since freedom came and half a century before, and the end is not in sight, and now half the Legislature is in session as a committee to determine what to do with the three or four thousand colored convicts and more to come. It will cast the State a million of dollars before the new plan is carried out, and the national government ought to pay it or ship them away. The North first brought them over here from Africa and in course of time sold them to use and then set them free and refused to pay the money back, dogon 'em! confound 'em! But we are getting along fairly well notwithstanding our troubles. We were hoping for a peaceful and prosperous administration, but my faith weakened when I read that McKinley was boo-hooing over John Brown's grave and said the very place was an inspiration. Yes, sympathizing with that old crazy fanatic who seized the arsenal of the United States at Harper's Ferry to get arms to murder Virginians, and he is looked upon as a saint and his grave an inspiration. I wonder if he didn't take the shoes from off his feet. But I must have some fresh air before I quit. I can't do justice to the subject, and must wait until I peruse the dictionary and find some fitting language wherewith to vent my indignation. As it is, I am just voicing the sentiments of our people—our whole people. Any negro who seeks and accepts a postoffice place in the South is a fool-hardy fool, for there are some lawless, desperate men in every community North and South. If Lincoln had a Booth and Garfield a Guiteau, how can a defiant negro politician expect to escape when the entire community is against him? What would become of him in Versailles? What good would his arms do him even though furnished by the government? Now look at the folly of these negro politicians. There is Dent, the superintendent of the negro schools in Rome. He has a good place and a good salary, but wants the Rome postoffice. Well, of course he will be turned out of the school and he will be miserable in the postoffice if he gets it, and every white man, woman and child in Rome will hate McKinley for it. It seems to me that I would rather have the love and respect of the people than their hatred and contempt.

BILL ARP.

FLORIDA'S ORANGE CROP.

Half a Million Boxes May be Shipped This Year.

(From the New York Times.)

The prospects are bright for the reappearance on the market of the once familiar and popular Florida orange. Since the disastrous freeze a few years ago, which destroyed nearly all the trees as well as the crop in the peninsula, they have almost entirely disappeared. For a time none was shipped North, and last year Florida exported only 146,000 boxes. This gave California her opportunity, and it seemed for a time that her oranges had completely supplanted the Florida product. California is preparing to ship the largest crop she has ever produced this year, and it is estimated that 4,000,000 boxes will come East from the Pacific coast. A great many of these will be exported, as they have been received abroad with much favor.

California pins her faith to her great seedless naval orange, and claims that it has permanently supplanted the Florida fruit. This is denied by the Florida growers and dealers, however, who say that as soon as their fruit, of which they expect to ship 500,000 boxes this year and over 1,000,000 boxes next year, re-appears, it will quietly take its place again, though, perhaps, at lower prices, on account of the California competition.

There is very little probability of a large importation of oranges from the West Indies and Mexico. A number of Florida growers went to Jamaica after the freeze and set out groves there, but it isunderstood that the Dingley tariff will force them to ship their fruit to Europe, where it will come in competition with the California crop. The same conditions apply to Mexico. Some time ago a Mexican fruit dealer contracted with a Florida, box-making concern for 200,000 orange boxes in which to ship fruit to the United States. After the passage of the Dingley bill this order was cancelled, but afterward renewed for only 40,000 boxes. This number of boxes, it is understood, will be shipped to Northern ports.

LORD ROSEBERY'S GOOD HINT.

Lord Rosebery seems to find grains of fun in almost everything, whether he talks of stables or statesmanship, literature or pugilism, art or agriculture. The other day there was a sale of cattle at Dalmeny, and it attracted dealers from all parts of the kingdom. Rosebery entertained the company to luncheon. Replying to the toast of his health and success of the sale, his Lordship managed to get gay on the subject of agriculture, a theme which at the present time and in its present condition in this country would scarcely be expected to admit of jocose elaboration. Yet Rosebery managed to do the trick, for, among other things, he said:

"I have observed that most chairmen in my position usually inspirit a dinner of this kind by a series of cursory remarks on agriculture in general. I propose to offer nothing of the kind. Agriculture in my lifetime has always been subject to two permanent conditions—one is depression, the other is a royal commission—and there is this difference between the two, and this only, that whereas both conditions are permanent—we know the results of depression, but we have never seen any results of a royal commission."